

## ANECDOTES OF BUONAPARTE,

Previous to his Exile.

**T**HE employment of his confidential secretaries was, of all kinds of slavery, the least supportable. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue, nothing was regarded. A minute's absence would have been a crime. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest, all must be given up. The Baron de Maineval, the Baron de Fain, knew this by hard experience; but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence, the most implicit reliance on their discretion, and a truly loyal liberality. They both deserved his confidence. One day at two o'clock the Emperor went out to hunt: he will probably, as usual, be absent about four hours, Maineval calculates; it is his father's *jour de fête*: he may surely venture to leave the palace for a short time. He has bought a little villa, and is desirous to present it to his beloved father, and to give him the title deeds. He sets out, the whole family is collected, he is warmly greeted, they see him so seldom. The present is given, the joy increases, dinner is ready, and he is pressed to stop: he refuses, "the Emperor may return and ask for me."—"O, he won't be angry, you are never away." The entreaties redouble; at length he yields, and time flies swiftly when we are surrounded by those we love. In the mean time the Emperor returns, and even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet—"Maineval, let him be called."—They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient—"Well, Maineval!" They fear to tell him that he is absent, but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length Maineval returns—"The Emperor has inquired for you, he is angry."—"All is lost," said Maineval to himself. He makes up his mind, however, and presents himself: his reception was terrible—"Where do you come from? go about your business. I do not want men who neglect their duty." Maineval trembling, retires: he did not sleep all night; he saw his hopes deceived, his services lost, his fortune misused—it was a dreadful night. Day at

length came; he reflected—"He did not give me a formal dismissal."—He dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's cabinet. Some moments after, the Emperor enters, looks at him, does not speak to him, writes a note, rises, and walks about. Maineval continues the task he has in hand, without lifting his eyes. The Emperor, with his hands behind his back, stops before him, and abruptly asks—"What is the matter with you? are you ill?"—"No, sire," timidly replies Maineval, rising up to answer—"Sit down; you are ill; I don't like people to tell me falsehoods; I insist on knowing."—"Sire, the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty, deprived me of sleep."—"Where were you, then, yesterday?" Maineval told him the motives of his absence—"I thought this little property would gratify my father."—"And where did you get the money to buy this house?"—"Sire, I had saved it out of the salary which your Majesty condescends to assign me." The Emperor, after having looked at him steadily for a few moments, said, "Take a slip of paper, and write; the treasurer of my civil list will pay to the bearer the sum of eighty thousand francs." He took the draft and signed it—"There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set about our regular business."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

## DUC D'ENGHIEN.

**T**HE French papers give circumstantial accounts of the digging up the remains of the unfortunate Duke d'Engbien in the ditch of the Castle of Vincennes, near where he was shot by order of Buonaparte. The peasant who had dug his grave is still living, and pointed out the spot. The different parts of the body were found—the face turned downwards, and the skull fractured by a large stone thrown upon it.—Not a particle of the skeleton was missing, with the single exception of one of his front teeth, which was probably broken by a musket ball. Seventy-three ducats were found upon him, and

all his trinkets—a circumstance which proves that the gens d'armes were not permitted, as usual, to strip their victim. According to the evidence taken before the inquest, the Prince pulled out one of his watches, near the place of execution, and offered it to a bystander to convey to a person whom he named. No person, however, would undertake the commission. The Prince then exclaimed with indignation—"What! cannot the grandson of the great Condé find a Frenchman to execute his last will?"—He then steadfastly looked at the hole which was dug for his body, and turning to the gens d'armes, observed, with a smile—"I am not afraid to die; but I am sorry that I am about to receive my death from the hands of Frenchmen."—He then laid his right hand firmly on his breast, and said twice with a loud and manly voice—"Tirez

au cœur."—"Fire at the heart."—All the witnesses concurred in stating that Caulaincourt was present at the execution. It is said, that on the sham trial which took place, the men who composed the Council of War were struck with the intrepidity of his manner, and the firmness and candour of his language. They even hesitated at condemning him to death, and wrote to Buonaparte for his definitive determination. "Condemned to death," was the brief reply of the Usurper. At the Thuilleries, too, even in Buonaparte's presence, one effort was made to save his life. Cambacères was for saving him. "And how long," said Buonaparte, turning full upon him in a rage, "have you been so saving of the blood of the Bourbons?" Half an hour after sentence was passed, the Prince was executed.—*Gent. Mag.*

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